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Virginia Wildlife

Dedicated to the Conservation of Virginia's Wildlife and Related Natural Resources and to the Betterment of Outdoor Recreation in Virginia

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COVER: Goldfinches and thistle. Our artist: John W. Taylor, Edgewater, Maryland.

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COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
RICHMOND 23219

April 25, 1972

National Hunting and Fishing Day
1972

Outdoor sportsmen have long been dedicated to the wise use of our natural resources. Since the turn of the century, hunters and anglers have been the leaders in major conservation programs throughout the country.

These sportsmen-conservationists are responsible for the founding of state fish and game departments in all fifty states. They asked that hunting and fishing licenses be required and that the money collected be used to support state conservation agencies.

The fourth Saturday in September has been designated NATIONAL HUNTING AND FISHING DAY as an annual salute to the contributions of America's hunters and fishermen. This year the observance falls on September 23, and I call its significance to the attention of all our citizens.

NATIONAL HUNTING & FISHING DAY
September 23, 1972

Linwood Holton

Governor

Snake in the Grass

By RICHARD F. HAYNES
Gloucester

IT was a good cast, straight down a narrow canal formed by pickerel weed along the stream edge. As I started the retrieve, I watched the enticing action of the spoon, feeling almost sure that I'd get a strike. Then the lure was almost back to the canoe, and I'd decided that if a pickerel was in those weeds it would take more than one cast to urge him out. With only three feet of line out, a green torpedo shot out almost from under the canoe and smashed the lure. A couple of seconds later I was sadly watching the stretched monofilament curling from the snap of a broken line. If I'd used that wire leader, maybe I wouldn't have lost the lure . . . or the fish. But that's all part of pickerel fishing.

Call him snake, jack, pike or pickerel, when a foot and a half of chain pickerel streaks out from under a lily pad or your canoe as you're lifting your lure up for another cast and smashes that lure, I call it sport and, brother, it calls for fast reactions, too.

He's not exactly beautiful or the choicest eating but for pure savagery, unexpectedness and fun he's hard to beat. For some reason he seems to love it when a lure comes straight up out of the water, whether it be for another cast or, heaven forbid, the result of a misguided cast into the bushes. If you've ever experienced the helpless feeling of having a fish hit right as you're lifting the lure out of the water, you know what I mean.

The chain pickerel (called *Esox niger* in scientific circles) is a little brother of the mighty muskie and northern pike and big brother of the redfin or grass pike. Found in shallow ponds, lakes and grassy streams, he is strictly predatory and often cannibalistic. He can do a good job of helping over-crowded pond populations. Attaining weights of 5 to 8 pounds, he most often comes in the 1 to 2 pound editions. Very scrappy on light tackle, he's a willing adversary when the season's right. Otherwise he can require a lot of persuasion before being enticed to strike.

Let's get into the meat of the subject and talk about where, when and how. I'm an easterner, and I do my pickerel fishing in the swamps. Although my only citation size pickerel came out of Holiday Lake in Buckingham-Appomattox State Park, I still favor those weed-choked streams from late summer to Christmas. The water's low and the fish are more concentrated. The temperature's beginning to fall some about October and Mr. Pickerel loves that; in fact it drives him wild. Believe it or not, I caught my first pickerel in a hailstorm in November! I've had variable luck in the spring and early summer due mostly to high water levels that

I do most of my pickerel fishing in the swamps, and favor the weed-choked streams when the water is low and the fish concentrated.

spread out the fish and high water temperatures that slow their feeding activity. Most of my good luck in pickerel fishing was right after a good summer or fall shower. They go crazy for about a half of a day after a good rainstorm.

As for lures, I mostly stick to red and white or silver spoons and occasionally spinners. Porkrind or even a piece of white shirttail is often the needed extra attraction on the spoons. (Ironically, I caught my largest on a small popping bug while fishing for bluegill. Sometimes poppers are the ticket to a whale of a lot of fun with pickerel, but my experience is that they have to be in the right mood.) The standby for me is the red and white spoon. Since the pickerel's teeth are very sharp, a wire leader is a very good idea if you don't relish losing your lures. Spinning or spincasting is probably best although there's no reason to put away bait casting or flyrods. Even the old reliable method of "skittering" with a skinned frog leg and cane pole produces fantastic results when things are right. As for the flies I suspect big colorful (especially red and white) streamers will do the trick. In the swamps, short casts are sufficient. Cast down sloughs made by thick beds of smartweed or pickerel weed on the edges, on upstream and downstream sides of cypress trees growing in the stream, under the witch hazel or willow switches hanging over the stream, and all around any logs or cypress knees. Often as not, in narrow places you can be expecting a strike or two from under the boat. When that happens, all I can tell you is to set the hook and give him some line. After that, you figure it out! Needless to say, too much of that is a little hard on the nerves . . . and the lure supply.

If you miss a strike, cast right back; a pickerel will hit the same lure as many as four or five times, sometimes on the same retrieve. Once he's hooked and the acrobatics are nearly over, beware of those teeth. They're substantial, and I heartily recommend using a landing net to bring the fish aboard and some long-nosed pliers for removing the hooks. Treat any cuts you get with respect, or you're liable to get a healthy infection.

That covers everything except what to do with the fish after they're caught. Pickerel die quickly out of the water so either keep them alive as long as possible or ice them down, preferably both. They have small scales and are fairly slimey so I usually nail their heads to a post or tree, cut around the head, and skin them like catfish, using needle-nose pliers. Remove the backbone and soak the flesh in salt water. Pickerel have many small bones, similar to the shad, and I suggest frying them as crisp as possible to eliminate as many of the fine branched rib bones as you can. If you do a good job on the bones, they're pretty good on the table.

So this fall if the doves aren't doing much and it's too early to give up fishing for the season anyway, give the pickerel a try. They won't let you down. It may be my own vindictiveness, but to me nothing's more enjoyable than witnessing the savage rush and strike of a pickerel smashing a bait. Especially if it's a lure on my fishing line.

Red and white or silver spoons are the standard lures.

Cooking Away The Blues

By BOBBYE FENTRESS
Virginia Beach

"MY wife thinks I'm a Greek god," my husband (that big heel) is always telling somebody. "She's forever serving me a burnt offering."

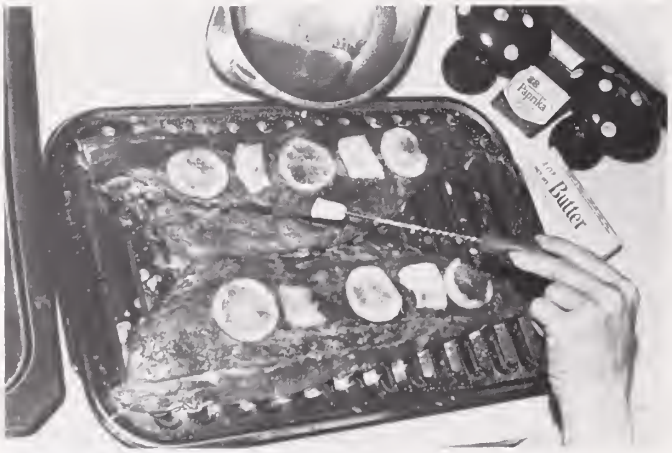
Oh yeah, having a husband that can cook is great, except when he's acting in an advisory capacity. "The eggs are too dry . . . hamburgers over-cooked . . . and coffee too weak." As the Queen of his Cooking Range, I SHOULD get mad at these cracks. But they happen to be true.

The member of a large family that ate well and hearty, he was given fair warning.

"The only things I can cook are fudge and chocolate chip cookies," I confessed as he dangled the slave ring before me. (And to think I fell for that "live on love" jazz. Hah!)

"You're probably the only girl in the world that fixes pancakes in a deep fryer," he smiled across the breakfast table one morning as he reached for his usual Tum-for-the-tummy.

And so, after only three short months, the honeymoon was over. So was the indigestion. He packed the



Giving the blues the "brush-off."

deep fryer back into its box and aimed me toward the frightening looking oven.

"Bake and broil!" he commanded.

So while his wife slaved over a hot sink and a messy stove, "Dan'l" returned to the field and stream. It was bad enough learning to prepare something that lay there in the pan looking back at me. But those wild outbursts that occurred when the dish was served were enough to make the Galloping Gourmet revert back to a simpering snail.

It's unbelievable how violent he could get over such trivial things. Like the time the bird went into the oven looking like a huge goose and came out the size of a

"Creatures with little round eyes staring back at me . . ."

cornish hen.

And what's so bad about cooking a pheasant with that little bag of goodness-knows-what left inside? After all, he DID come equipped with it.

It finally got to the stage of either divorce or "cooking—show and tell."

The latter seemed to be the cheaper of the two.

And while the various steps in preparing game and fish were being demonstrated by "the old master," there were a few other good sound rules taught that all other fellow-wives of hunters and fishermen might be wise to remember.

1. Clean the game or fish immediately. (IMPORTANT: This part of the operation, girls, you make it a point never to learn!)

2. Don't keep it too long—even in the freezer. It's good after it's been frozen, but too long in the freezer and the taste is nothing like the original flavor.

3. Before freezing, wrap it in good thick freezer-paper rather than plastic wrap, aluminum foil or waxed paper.

Sportswriter Sonny Fentress passes his favorite dish to daughter, Kim.

4. Most wild fowl and fish should be allowed time to soak in well-salted water for some time before cooking it.

5. Double-check the cleaning job before preparing to cook it.

Try broiled bluefish: It should weigh eight pounds or more. Clean and fillet fish. Baste with a lemon-butter sauce (with brush). Melt one stick butter with juice of one lemon for sauce mixture. Sprinkle fish with paprika, salt and pepper and old Bay seasoning.

Place fish under broiler, skin-side down. After this side is done, turn fish over and broil other side. Check for doneness after about five minutes broiling time by piercing thickest side of fish with paring knife to see that flesh is firm and white but still juicy.

Sonny Fentress and a challenge for the cook, 15 pounds and 5 ounces of citation bluefish.

Here's the Fentress touch with baked bluefish and it works just as well with other large fish suitable for oven cooking.

Baked bluefish: Remove head and tail and clean fish thoroughly. Cut large gashes diagonally in each side. Dress fish with 2 cans tomato sauce, slices of one green pepper, slices of salt pork, salt and pepper and 1 small can sliced mushrooms.

Place slices of potatoes and onions around fish on large sheet of aluminum foil. Seal "package" and bake at 350 degrees until fish flakes easily with fork. Fish should still be juicy; never dry. Roll down foil and return to oven to slightly brown the fish.

Migratory Bird Seasons For '72

FROM within the framework of permissible opening dates and shooting days announced by federal fish and wildlife authorities the Virginia Game Commission selected a somewhat later opening for rails, an earlier opening on woodcock and snipe, and seasons for dove and sea ducks almost identical with those of 1971.

Rail hunting this year will begin on September 15 and close November 23, the later dates having been recommended by biologists as a result of early nest flooding this year which was expected to make successful hatching about two weeks later than normal. Daily bag limits are 15 clapper and king rails, in the aggregate of the two species, and 25 sora and Virginia rails, also counted together.

Dove shooting will begin September 2 and close October 26, then reopen December 23 and extend through January 6, providing two full weeks and an extra Saturday in the second segment of the split season. The daily limit is set at 12.

The earlier November 13 opening on woodcock and snipe was selected to correspond with the statewide upland small game season. The season on these two migratory species will close January 16, and hunters will be limited to 5 woodcock and 8 snipe per day.

A special sea duck season for taking scoters, eiders and old squaws will commence September 23 and run until the regular duck season takes over. This advance season, before regular waterfowl shooting begins, is limited to ocean areas and certain designated waters of Chesapeake Bay, and hunters must be at least 800 yards from any shore, island, or emergent vegetation. The limit on the three species of sea ducks, during both the special and regular seasons, is a total of 7 in the aggregate.

LET'S HUNT ARROWHEADS

By HAROLD A. COLEMAN
Dillwyn

IF there were such a thing as an excuse to explore the great outdoors, Indian arrowhead hunting would be perfect! In a world beset with turmoil and stress, here is one way to turn back a page of history that is healthy, educational and soul satisfying.

Arrowhead hunting can be a most rewarding hobby for almost anyone. It offers a perfect opportunity for nature and wildlife study. It is a pastime with an aura of expectation seldom exceeded in other outdoor recreation. It requires little skill or expense with a minimum of "ground" rules. Arrowhead hunting is not limited by seasons, bag limits or licenses. Not even conservation applies, for finding a point should be termed a "recovery." It can even lead to a career in archaeology.

A dedicated hunter gets in the habit of examining every likely looking rock fragment, even if only a tiny portion is exposed.

In central Virginia, the points will often contrast sharply with the color of the soil. A dedicated hunter gets into the habit of examining every likely looking rock even if only a tiny portion is exposed.

Like other sports, success requires patience. There are times of failure. But the joy of wandering over the good earth is the thing which counts. Sooner or later the faithful hunter may find a perfect specimen. Then like Wordsworth among the daffodils, his heart with pleasure fills!

SUGGESTED "POINTS"

1. Travel back country roads. Take the family along. Use roadside stands for picnics.
2. Use equipment similar to a "rockhound." Take a camera with you.
3. When a likely place is found, *BE SURE* to get the landowner's permission to hunt and also explain your objective. The wisdom of this courtesy most always gets good results and often tips on where to look or, in some cases, whether or not it is even worthwhile to try.
4. Watch for areas in process of reforestation, after a controlled burn or forest fire. Be on the lookout for land being cleared, especially lake building sites. Shallow stream beds and sand bars are good places.
5. The best season is early spring. The best time is after a heavy rain. A caution: Stay off a farmer's crop land when it is wet.
6. Save *ALL* findings, including parts of points; in fact, any stone which indicates Indian chipping. *VERY IMPORTANT:* If an Indian village site or mound is found, note the location only and leave it for the professionals.

Sooner or later, patience and persistence is rewarded.

7. Keep a record, join clubs, visit museums and study everything possible on the subject. Share your hobby with others.
8. Watch for other interesting artifacts or objects. Many areas are also good for Civil War relics or gem stones.

Good luck!

Resource Management Degrees Now Offered By Lord Fairfax College

THE increasing popularity and public demand for adequately planned, managed, and legally regulated public and private outdoor recreational facilities has led to the development of a new two-year degree program in Natural Resources Management and Security at Lord Fairfax Community College near Winchester, Virginia, in the northern Shenandoah Valley.

This region, surrounded by national and state parks, forests, abundant wildlife, and large scale outdoor recreational facilities, provides one of America's most ideal settings for a career training program of this type through a community college. Lord Fairfax Community College is a part of the Virginia Community College System.

Natural Resources Management and Security is a two-year degree curriculum designed to integrate courses in forest and wildlife management, science, law enforcement, general education, basic drafting and blueprint reading for outdoor wildlife and recreation sites, and selected electives leading to an Associate in Applied Science degree. Some of the occupational specialty course titles include: Introduction to Forest and Wildlife Management, Forest and Wildlife Recreation Management, Fish and Game Regulations, First Aid, Dendrology, Wildlife and Fisheries Management, Woodlot Management, Criminal Law—Evidence—and Procedures, and a Seminar and Project during the last term of the six-quarter program of studies.

The program is intended to support students seeking career opportunities with the national and state park services, and as game wardens, forest and conservation service employees, wildlife management and refuge aides and technicians, case investigators, campground managers, hunting and fishing preserve managers, and forest industry security officers. It is predicted that opportunities in the private sector will increase as the current surge of popular demand for large scale outdoor recreational services, facilities, and wildlife management extends beyond the limitations of existing public facilities. This trend is particularly evidenced by the growth of many more privately operated campgrounds, hunting and fishing management areas, and the need for intensified forest industry and woodlot security personnel.

Dr. Ronald Ludwick, professor of Agriculture, Forestry, and Wildlife Management at Lord Fairfax, was instrumental in designing the Natural Resources Management and Security program. He will teach the specialized courses in forestry and wildlife management and serves as the advisor for applicants and students involved. Dr. Ludwick received his doctorate in Agriculture at Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University. His master's degree was also from V.P.I. and S.U. in Forestry and Wildlife Management. He had previously earned his bachelor's degree in this field from the University of West Virginia. Prior to joining the faculty at Lord Fairfax last fall, Dr. Ludwick was involved in post-doctoral research at the University of Kentucky.

Individuals and groups interested in learning more about the opportunities available through this program may contact Dr. Ronald Ludwick, c/o Lord Fairfax Community College, Middletown, Virginia, 22645. Appointments may also be made by calling (703) 869-1120. A complete written description of the program curriculum and applications for admission to the community college will be forwarded to all interested parties upon request. Information on the availability of student financial aid through the college is also available to applicants upon request. Applications will be processed this summer on a first-come first-served basis. The program begins with the fall quarter in September, 1972.

Doctor Ronald Ludwick, the community college Professor of Agriculture, Forestry and Wildlife, talks with students of the college's Woodlot Management course.

Lord Fairfax Community College also offers a two-year degree program in Agricultural Business Technology for students seeking careers in related industries. Applications and brochures are also available in this field.

IF YOU CAN'T USE A BOAT - - WADE!

By DWIGHT L. PETERSON
Clinton, North Carolina

MAY I make a suggestion? Don't turn your back on our many small streams and creeks because they have become obstacle courses, and a boat can't be used. Just leave the boat at home . . . and wade!

Wading creeks, or fairly small streams, became popular with me several years back when I began to tire of pulling a boat over log jams, fishing about fifteen minutes out of every hour and tugging a boat the remainder of the hour. It was actually less tiring to walk/wade the same distance, and at day's end there were more fish to show for the effort. When speaking of a creek or small stream, I mean one that is narrow and when a tree or treetop is felled, by human or natural cause, the stream is completely blocked. Floating debris, such as other logs and limbs, begin to collect against the downed tree and a jam is formed. Boat passage is impossible except when pulled over or around the blockage. Of course, this problem is not completely solved by wading. You still have to leave the main stream occasionally and detour a jam, or a hole too deep to wade, but you can fish these places to your own satisfaction from the bank . . . quietly. The noise and clamor you create by dragging a boat over or around a jam disturbs the fishing a long distance ahead of you. Not to mention the disgusting effort of lugging the boat and possibly ripping a hole somewhere in its hull. Even the lighter boats become a burden after a few miles of this toil.

Methods used to wade/fish a stream can be classed into several categories. You might say, from nude to the use of a skin diver's suit. I think you'll agree that some of these methods are not, shall I say . . . practical?? Actually, there are two methods I prefer, and as far as as I am concerned, these are the only two methods necessary for success.

The first, use waders or hip boots. Waders being the best because, naturally, you can reach deeper water. They also provide a certain amount of warmth during early spring or late fall days. Another reason for use of waders or hip boots can be listed as protection against impediments encountered along the course of a stream. One word of caution: *watch your step!* If you should trip and the waders fill with water, they are like an anchor. Plan ahead, in case this should happen, and learn to shuck the shoulder straps and slip out of the boots.

The second, and I really like this method during the hottest days of July and August, is the use of old tennis shoes, or similar footware, and old clothes you don't mind getting wet. Cut holes in the toe, sides and back of the shoe. This allows particles of sand and other material to pass through and will not hurt the foot. Pants should be thick enough to protect against snags and briars. I don't think you, like myself, will settle on only one of these methods. They both have advantages. But this last method mentioned does give you more freedom of movement. You'll probably use it more often than the first.

Maybe, before I advance further with this article, I should make myself clear on one point. Log jams dispersed at different intervals along the course of a stream *do* present a problem for the boat fisherman. If they are numerous, they present more of a problem. Also, they act as dams during flood water. Any fisherman or conservation minded person recognizes these facts. But there are favorable words to be said for these jams. Especially if they are few or not a complete blockage. As a thicket gives protection and breeding habitat for a rabbit . . . logs and brush in a stream give protection and a breeding habitat for a fish. So, we shouldn't use too many harsh words or thoughts against log jams. After all, they are an aid to fish production. Thus, better fish production . . . more fish. And even more reason for you to leave the boat at home and wade.

One hot summer day a short time back, and when the fish bedding season was about over, I took to a small stream where boat passage had become practically impossible. The stream was below normal water level because the last few weeks of this summer month had been dry (this makes for ideal wading). But unlike the hot summer day, the creek was cold. This was due to its narrow width and the overlapping growth of trees overhead shading the water. I was using the old shoes and clothes method of wading, and I shivered as I entered the water. Beads of sweat soon disappeared from my face. A small, light backpack carried my lunch and other items I might need, such as a small first aid kit, snake bite kit, extra lures, pliers and knife.

I tied a cord fish stringer to my belt and started downstream . . . slowly. By inching my way—that is, by sliding my feet along the bottom rather than picking them clear of the water—I created less waves and ripples on the water surface ahead of me. Using spinning equipment and a number one gold spinner with a squirrel tail trailer for a lure, I soon began catching fish. These consisted of shellcrackers, blue and robin bream, an occasional crappie, and a few largemouth bass and chain pickerel (jack). The largemouth and jack ran near the half and the three quarter pound mark, so I returned these to the stream. Most of the other fish I

Wading small streams that a boat cannot navigate opens up a whole new world of fishing experiences.

also returned, because catching was quite frequent, but I did slip a few on my stringer.

When lunch time arrived, I had been wading for over three hours. I had stopped to rest three times, which consisted of about five to ten minutes each rest period. My catch totaled twenty six of the above-mentioned fish. I had put six on my stringer.

After lunch and a short rest I continued my journey downstream. This involved about three more hours of wading. A friend, by prearrangement, was to pick me up at my destination. After some thought, I decided to change my lure to a small fish-like plug. This would cut the bream catches but increase the largemouth and jack catches . . . I hoped. And maybe take a few keepers

A wader's equipment, and his reward.

in this class. My decision was truly justified by the time I reached my waiting friend. I had caught fifteen largemouth and six jack. All had been returned to the stream except for three bass (from two to three pounds) and two jack (from one to two pounds). It had been quite a day.

If you should decide to try wading, there are a few things you should know. It's only fair to mention some of the disadvantages associated with this type of fishing. After all, no type of fishing is all peaches and cream.

First: the hang-up. When your lure strikes a snag or an over-hanging bush or limb, you have to retrieve it by the best possible means. Of course, sometimes this is simple; other times it isn't. A swim might be the only answer, or else cut the line and say the heck with it. By boat you simply float over and get it. But this problem of hang-ups does have its merits. It causes one to be more precise with casting.

Second: you don't have the convenience of a boat to carry items you might wish to have along. But the back-pack solves this problem to a certain degree. And the pack is not as cumbersome as you might think. Of course, on short trips, you don't need the pack at all. Your pockets will carry all you need.

Third: you're walking, not riding. But I think I answered this problem at the beginning of this article. Remember, these streams you'll be wading have become, and are, obstacle courses. The feeling of fatigue will be less evident when wading than when dragging a boat. And, as I said, you'll probably have more fish at day's end.

Fourth: it's difficult to use a fly rod or cane pole. Don't misunderstand me. They can be used. I have used both with fair success. But the closeness of vegetation along a stream makes it difficult to use a fly rod properly. And when using a cane pole, body nearness to the fish prey is to a disadvantage. You have to be extra careful when using any of these two. By far, spinning or casting is your best bet.

One other thing I would like to mention, and this can be important: try to wade downstream on most of your excursions. When I first began to wade/fish, I thought by wading upstream I would have less water ripple advancing ahead of me. My reasoning was that by moving against the stream current, the ripples would play out much quicker. I soon found this was not true. Actually, the ripples were larger because of the legs and feet plowing against the current rather than moving with it. Much less tiring moving with the current, too. And by casting ahead of you, you'll be pulling your lure back toward you *against* the current. This gives the lure much more play and action, plus you can use a slower retrieve if desired.

In conclusion, I hope the next time you look at a small stream and shake your head "no" because it's just too much trouble to get a boat down, you'll give second thought. Just leave the boat at home . . . and wade!

Aufenger Studio photo

Chairman Edward E. Edgar

NEW CHAIRMAN TAKES OVER

THE Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries has elected Edward E. Edgar to be its Chairman, replacing retiring Chairman E. Floyd Yates of Powhatan who has held office since July, 1971.

G. Richard Thompson, of Marshall, President of the Marshall National Bank, prominent Fauquier County sportsman and farmer, and a member of the Commission since 1965, was elected Vice Chairman.

"Eddie" Edgar is well known among sportsmen, particularly in the Hampton Roads area. For twenty-six years he has written the popular column, "Fins, Furs and Feathers," which now appears in Norfolk and Newport News newspapers and which received national recognition when it won first place in the annual Outdoor Writers Association of America competition.

Mr. Edgar is a Director of the Virginia Wildlife Federation and the Tidewater Anglers Club, a member of the Norfolk Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, and an organizer of the Portsmouth Izaak Walton League Chapter, the Portsmouth Anglers' Club, and the Peninsula Sport Fisherman's Association. He helped reorganize the Boating and Sport Fishing Committee of the Norfolk Chamber of Commerce and is a past Chairman and Vice Chairman. He is also Captain General of the Society of Mayflower Descendents, and immediate past Governor of the Virginia Society. As a member of the Game Commission he has served on the Budget Committee, has been Chairman of both the Boat and Building Committees, and was Commission Vice Chairman for the past year.

Mr. Edgar is Vice President of the Home Federal Savings and Loan Association which serves the Hampton Roads area. He is married to the former Mary Lou Rawls, and the Edgars make their home in Norfolk.

Vice-chairman G. Richard Thompson

Commission photo by Gillam

E. Floyd Yates, retiring chairman (right), receives gift from fellow Commission members at his last meeting, presented by Doctor Allan A. Hoffman of Danville. Mrs. Norma G. Adams (left) is Commission Secretary.

Photo by Bob Beck

VIRGINIA WILDLIFE ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

CONSERVATIONGRAM

Commission Activities and Late Wildlife News . . . At A Glance

GRAYLING EGGS AIRLIFTED TO MARION. Approximately 10,000 grayling eggs obtained from the state of Utah were shipped by air nonstop from Salt Lake City to the Game Commission's Marion Fish Cultural Station where they were hatched and will be used for experimental stocking. Utah has used the fishes from northern climes to stock its tailwaters below dams where water is extremely cold and often low in dissolved oxygen, having been drawn from the bottom of the lake. Commission biologists have a stretch of the Smith River immediately below Philpott Dam in mind for the initial release.

The graylings are reported to be difficult to raise with 35% survival considered good, so we don't know how many we will end up with. The fish are to be stocked at fingerling size, probably late this fall. The grayling is a small member of the trout family with a large sail-like dorsal fin. It is reported similar to the brook trout in habit and is similarly rather easy to catch. The Commission has passed special regulations limiting anglers to one grayling per day at least 10 inches in length.

AGNES DOES $100,000 DAMAGE TO BOATING, FISHING FACILITIES. Hurricane Agnes did over $100,000 damage to Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries' boat ramps and fishing lakes, reports Commission Executive Director Chester F. Phelps. Ramps on the James River and Shenandoah Rivers were severely damaged with some washed out completely. Repairs and renovation were begun early, and all facilities were operational again by mid-summer. The parking lots of nearly all those flooded had to be regraveled.

Three Commission lakes sustained light to moderate erosion on their spillways, not enough to weaken the structure, but requiring repair. These were Lakes Orange, Amelia and Fluvanna-Ruritan, all in piedmont Virginia. Completely washed out were dams at Gordy's mill pond and Chandler's mill pond in the Northern Neck on which the Commission had obtained fishing rights in exchange for repairing the dams following Hurricane Camille. Some damage was sustained at the Brookneal Hatchery on the Roanoke River but, with the help of local people, most of the equipment was moved to higher ground ahead of the rising waters.

The raging waters of Virginia's rivers are expected to have only minimal effect on the state's freshwater fishing this year. Only eggs and fry less than two weeks old are usually lost in these strong currents, and most stream fishes should have spawned early enough for their young to have escaped harm with the possible exception of some late spawning river largemouth bass. Other fish are sometimes washed downstream but quickly redistribute themselves when waters return to normal.

GAME BIOLOGIST FILLS MOUNTAIN DISTRICT POST. Dennis Martin has been hired by the Virginia Game Commission as a district Game Biologist for the central mountain district, replacing Jack Raybourne who was promoted to Game Research Biologist. Martin is originally from Ohio and obtained his B.S. degree in Forestry prior to completing graduate work for a MS in Wildlife Management at VPI & SU this spring.

Martin is an experienced pilot and photographer and served in the National Guard in addition to his wildlife and forestry training. His special interest is in the wild turkey. He and his wife Carole and their daughter Rachel will make their home in Deerfield.

The snapping turtle is as
himself on the shore

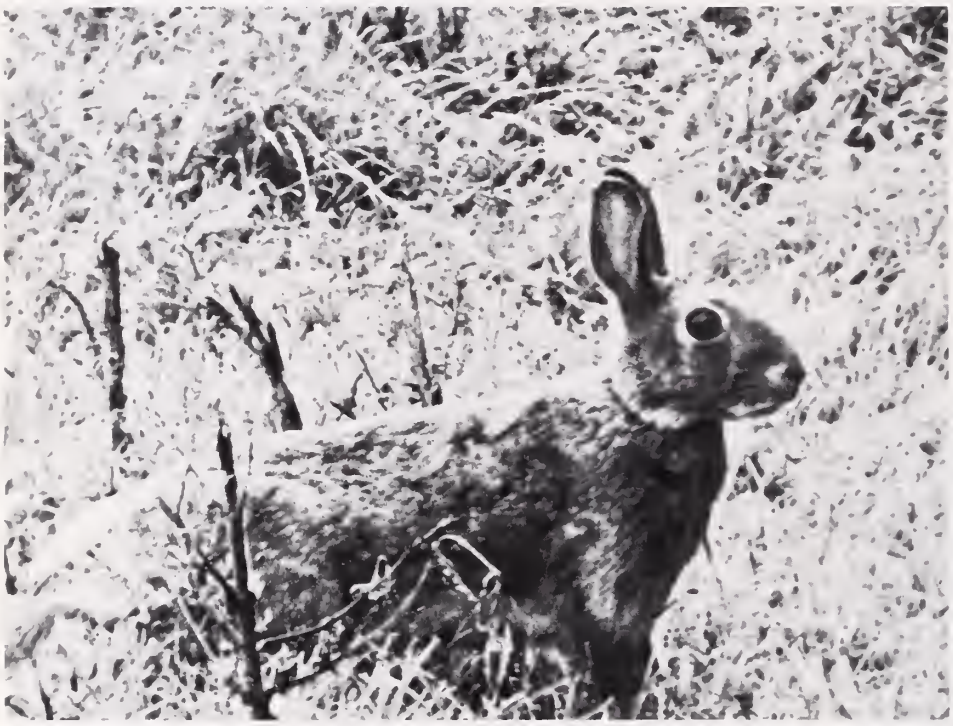
Wildlife

By LEN and D

Early morning finds a hur
the pres

WHEN most people think of wildlife they tend to picture remote national forests where wolves, elk, and mountain lions wage an eternal battle for survival. Wild life that is, but that is not the extent of it. Despite man's seeming attempt to lock wildlife out of our circle of activity, many species still persist to remind us of the beauty and serenity of nature.

One place from which wildlife might be expected to have vanished is the college campus. With 1700 young humans roaming 100 acres from morning til night, where would the wildlife find adequate habitat? They do. They have become somewhat used to the hustle and bustle of their busy collegiate surroundings and have learned to ignore the interruptions of new buildings being riveted into form, classes changing, enthusiastic football fans, and young lovers wandering through their park at dusk.



The cottontail rabbit is one of the most plentiful species of campus wildlife.

Some of the animals such as the pigeons choose residence amidst the hub of activity, taking advantage of uneaten hamburger buns, newly seeded drill fields, and the wonderful array of nesting spots provided by the intricate Gothic architecture. Every morning the lawns are dotted with scavenger gray squirrels, and in early summer young cottontails can be seen playing among the hedges surrounding the quad.

Springtime robins pulling up worms for their young, and autumn blue jays sharply reprimanding crabapples that refuse to fall are the things that break the stream of chemistry formulas racing through a mind and provide the peace and reflection that keeps life in this unrealistic situation, in its proper proportions.

At Virginia Polytechnic Institute we have an area where students can ice skate in winter and take their

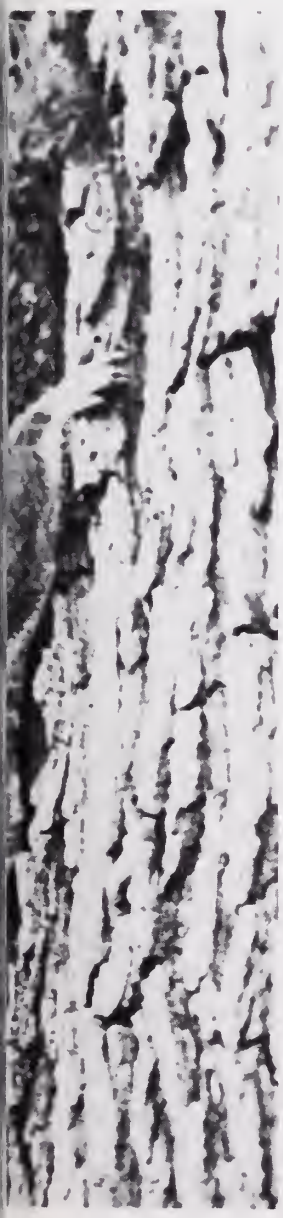
A visitor to the campus duck pond, an egret stalks unsuspecting fish.

ty as he looks as he suns
ıe campus duck pond.

n Campus

RA RUGGIERO

squirrel making his way to
t's lawn.



blankets on warm summer evenings to sit and think or to merely skim stones. It's descriptively enough called "The Duck Pond." Mallards and a pair of domestic geese were recently joined by a pair of banded Canadians that this past spring hatched eight beautiful goslings. They glide about the surface letting passersby admire them, investigate the school boys fishing on the banks, eat their fill of bread-crumb enticements, and crawl out to sleepily sun themselves on the grassy banks. These are the residents, but visitors include blue herons and snowy-white egrets that stop over briefly or for as long as a week or more on their way through.

Walking along the banks of the duck pond sends fish skittering from the water's edge. If you're quick, you can see their shadowy forms slip away. On warm sunny days the snapping turtles come out to sun themselves and yawn threateningly at local intruders.

Reflecting upon the peace of these carefree animals our own lives, so full of petty ambitions and needless anxiety, suddenly appear hopelessly cluttered. A deep desire to restore a oneness with nature pervades us,

These beautiful Canada geese are but a portion of the brood raised by a pair of resident Canada's on the campus.

A less conspicuous form of wildlife, the snail is a study in textures and fascinating to watch as it negotiates obstacles like a miniature tank.

and at least for a time we again resolve to forget about that unfair grade, the date that flopped, and the exam next Monday. Next to the quiet and simplicity of nature, all else seems unimportant. We will again become caught up in the rush and tumble, but the few minutes of freedom go far in cleansing our souls and refreshing us for the next thing. Without our wildlife, more would seek this necessary retreat in other forms, frequently less acceptable and usually far more dangerous. Let's keep our wildlife close to us to remind us of what life can be.

HUNTING WITH THE HANDGUN

By BILL ANDERSON
Grundy

Photos of the author
by Mrs. Bill Anderson

NEVER before has the outdoorsman had a greater choice of good revolvers and semiautomatic pistols. Almost any whim of the imagination can be fulfilled by the array of fine handguns on today's market. Never before have we had the advantage of so much power and fine accuracy in handguns. But, paradoxically, while handguns have never been so popular, they have never been more damned in their history.

The handgun was probably first developed as a weapon to be used in defense against other men. The first ones that had much practical value were made about 1515 and used the wheel-lock firing mechanism. Before this the shooter had to carry a torch, or other means of igniting the powder charge. Later, the snaphaunce and flintlock were used. After the percussion cap was invented in 1807 by Alexander Forsyth, it still took many years for the pistol to evolve into the precision machine that we know today.

My own style of shooting in the prone position.

Over the years the handgun has always maintained a reputation as a weapon of violence. It has been condemned as a booby trap that may blow up in the shooter's face, a weapon of suicide and murder. Television and the news media have done much to magnify this image. This is a most unfortunate situation, for the handgun offers the most challenging and interesting hunting and target shooting of all.

I have owned and shot handguns of many makes and calibers during the last eighteen years and now own three, which satisfy all my shooting needs. All three of these guns are revolvers. One is a short barrel .38, which I carried as an off-duty police weapon.

Probably the most used handgun is the caliber .22. I own the excellent Smith and Wesson K-22 revolver. This gun is used for some hunting and for informal target shooting. It is realized that a semiautomatic is better for competition shooting, but I like a revolver better. It is a little safer, requires less attention, and, if given the proper care, is virtually jam-proof. The .22 long rifle hollow point and .22 long rifle match ammunition are used for all my shooting.

My other revolver is a Smith and Wesson .357 magnum. I find this to be a most versatile arm. With light caliber .38 loads it is good for target shooting and for small animals at close range. Full .357 loads fill the bill for long-range targets and harder-to-kill animals, such as the woodchuck. These heavy loads could also be used for deer or bear by a good, calm shooter.

With .22 ammunition or cast .357 bullets I always take head shots on animals such as squirrels or woodchucks. Although the .22 will kill the woodchuck with head shots, I prefer the .357 for these animals. A factory loaded, or hand-loaded, lead bullet in the .357 will kill the chuck, but they are not preferred. The expanding type bullet is a much better choice. I have found that half-jackets, or gas checks, with soft lead are excellent. But, even with these the shooter should place his shots in the head or heart-lung area to insure a clean kill.

I have not shot large game with a handgun, but have no doubt that the magnums, with proper loads and bullet placement, would do the job. If I were choosing a handgun with big game hunting in mind I would go for the powerful .44 magnum.

Handguns have very limited range when compared with a rifle. They cannot be held as steady, have a short sight radius and often are lacking good sights. Most handgun loads do not have the velocity for a flat trajectory, needed for long range. For these reasons the handgun hunter should learn to stalk well and to shoot from the most steady positions. This does not mean that he should not learn to shoot offhand for if he becomes a good offhand shooter he may shoot excellent from rest.

The handgun can be fired most accurately from the prone position; however, in the field this is often impossible, due to obstructions. The best positions for the hunter are the sitting and kneeling, the sitting being the most favored. There are also several variations of rests for the man who must stand up and shoot. In the woods, or with a long stick placed against the ground, the shooting arm may be steadied by merely placing the forearm against a tree or stick. Also, one hand may be placed against a tree or stick and used to steady the shooting hand. The gun should never come in contact with a hard object used as a rest. If no objects are available for support, the shooter may grip the handgun with both hands, while squarely facing the target. I have tried other methods of support but find these best.

A good handgun is a large investment for most of us, so the beginner will do well to gain as much experience and knowledge as possible before buying. Possibly, he may have friends with whom he can shoot and talk, or he may want to visit a local gun club. He should examine and read about the many handguns on the market.

If the shooter is really interested in formal target competition, he may be justified in investing in one of the very expensive semiautomatic target weapons. However, most people do not do this type shooting and will find that a less expensive gun will serve their purpose.

Any handgun used for target or game shooting should be equipped with adjustable sights. If you are a glass addict, there are several pistol scopes on the market. The handgun should have a fairly large frame and stock. The shooter may find it to his advantage to use oversize stocks or a grip adapter. These fit the hand better than the conventional stock and allow less gun movement during recoil. I find that a barrel length from five to seven inches is best. A shorter one has too short a sight radius and a longer one is difficult to hold steady, except from a very solid rest. The choice of revolver or semiautomatic is up to the individual, as good guns of either type may be bought.

If one plans to shoot only targets and animals no larger than rabbits or squirrels, the .22 will suffice. However, for larger animals the larger calibers should be used. (In Virginia it is not legal to hunt game animals with a .22 cal. handgun.—Ed.) All of the guns in the .357, .41, and .44 magnum class have more recoil and are noisier. They take some getting used to, and some people cannot learn to shoot them at all.

Whether the shooter is shooting the .22 long rifle or the .44 magnum, he should become thoroughly familiar with his firearm before he attempts to hunt with it. He should learn what the gun will do and what he can do with it. After learning to shoot targets he should practice under simulated field conditions at drawings of the animals he will hunt. He should know what his maximum range is and stay well within it. With my .22 I try to shoot at no more than forty yards and at less than seventy-five with the .357.

A few words of warning: in some areas it is illegal to hunt game animals with a handgun. In others they are restricted as to caliber or muzzle energy. There are also restrictions as to the game that can be hunted. Do not hunt until you are sure. Almost everywhere it is illegal to carry a concealed firearm. This means that you cannot carry your handgun in a holster beneath your hunting coat.

Choose your handgun and ammunition carefully, handle them with respect and care, take a lot of time to get acquainted, and you will have made a lifetime friend.

A good position for shooting squirrels, which present tough targets.

Shooting from the kneeling position (above), and the sitting position (below).

A TALE OF TWO ONE WILD

By
DORIS STEPHENSON PEET
Williamsburg

WHEN our house was completed some years ago, we looked with dismay upon the bare field-like area surrounding it. Friends who visited said without any inhibitions, "It's a lovely spot, but it'll cost you a fortune to landscape." There was only one exception to this concensus. It was offered by an elderly European, a German gentleman, who was at that time the silversmith for Colonial Williamsburg. "Use native planting," he told us, nodding wisely. "You have enough on your own acreage to create a masterpiece."

We have never ceased to be grateful to him for his sage advice, for many reasons. At that time, with five young children, and a new house, we could not afford professional landscaping. Our till was empty. This, in the beginning, was the chief consideration, but after our project got underway we discovered there were many even more rewarding facets to his idea.

It opened up a whole new realm of knowledge to us. I knew something of wild plants and the trees of the forest, because my father was a woods-wanderer, who trailed me along, pointing out the treasures he came upon; but he had been dead since I was a child, so my fund of knowledge had grown somewhat sketchy. My husband, born and bred in a large city, knew nothing whatever about the fields and woods, that was not gleaned from a biology book.

A friend who helped create the restored gardens in Williamsburg, answered our questions and directed us when we sought aid. An old book belonging to my father, describing trees and bushes, was invaluable when we began our search. As the months passed, we found the whole face of the earth changed. It is astounding that we could have lived so many years without seeing, except in a generalized fashion, the world around us. Before we said, "The trees are beginning to bud." Now we said, "The poplars are almost in full leaf," or "The locusts are about to flower." The trees had ceased to be just a part of the woods. They had become specific and recognizable, like faces of townspeople on the streets of Williamsburg.

It also bred a family solidarity that we might otherwise have missed. The children pitched in with zest and the garden developed into a truly communal pursuit. Children are by nature creative, given the opportunity. They are also much more interested in work that is not routine, and in work that is shared. So, all in all, the garden unexpectedly answered many of their growing needs, and widened the scope of their adult life ahead, by introducing them early to the world of field and wood. In addition, we all share the pleasure of personal accomplishment when the garden is praised, because each of us has become a part of it.

We started by selecting trees. I read recently that fast growing trees, such as the poplar, should be planted temporarily, until more desirable shade trees have reached some proportion. I felt as though someone had maligned a member of the family! We chose our poplars because we love their tall spires, their yellow-orange-green tulips in the spring, their golden leaves in the fall. We've never considered them "messy," and temporary is a word we'd never associated with them either, since several in our woods are towering giants that practically spell out permanence.

In the center of the lawn, we placed a wispy, long needle pine. It looked lonesome and inelegant, but in the back field there are two ancient pines that command their whole environment, and I had fallen in love with them. I knew our little pine tree, with sun and rain and wind on all sides of it, and room to spread, would some day resemble them, and it looks as though I may be right. Today, visitors stop and look at the young, sturdy-limbed pine and say, "That's a beautiful tree." We think so too, and especially since its loveliness is year-long.

We discovered many rewarding facets to the project of landscaping with native plants. It opened up a whole new realm of knowledge to us.

The birds agree also. The pair of mockers who claim the territory in the front yard, long ago marked it, and one of the dogwoods, as their own. The pileated woodpeckers are partial to these same two trees, and often when we hear complaining and a great disturbance, we will see the pair of mockers valiantly driving off the encroaching pair of pileateds. The mockers always win, too. We feel sorry for the clumsy woodpeckers, who flap off in defeat and with a great commotion, when we would like very much to keep them within eye-range of the house.

The dogwoods were our next choice. There were

many young trees in the woods behind the house, small and stunted by undergrowth and little sunshine. We brought out four and planted three of these close together, so that in the spring their blossoms would be like a soft, white cloud in one corner of the lawn. The fourth we planted close to the house (too close, really), so that we could observe the bird life so inevitably drawn to dogwoods, either for protection, since it is a low, brushy tree, or, and probably more important, because it is an excellent source of food.

Next we planted the cedars. The field across our ravine seemed to nourish cedars and bayberries, there were so many available. All young trees, not as tall as the largest child, we dug them carefully and lugged

NATIVE GARDENS: ONE CULTIVATED

them in bushel baskets across the marsh mud of the gully, and planted them as a boundary to the east side of the garden. We selected two for foundation planting, in front of the house. It was a mistake of amateurs. They both grew like the proverbial weeds, and soon towered high above the low rooftop. Everyone complains about them. The child who cleans the gutters and downspouts fusses about the clogged drains. The son who has an eye for symmetry points out that they dwarf the house. My husband states the roots are entirely too close to the foundation. Everyone threatens them with extinction but we do nothing, because in winter the small birds seek sanctuary from the snow and wind in their branches, and in the evening and early morning, all summer long, we are cheered by bird songs and entertained by various types of activity.

One morning I noticed a hawk sweep out of the sky. I watched him closely, because the ducks were bug-hunting on the open lawn, so I didn't see the birds take refuge; but as his shadow drifted away, I observed that both trees concealed a number of birds, and the feeding stations were completely empty.

Having placed the cedars, we liked the idea of boundaries, so we went back to the field and dug the small bayberries. It was a time-consuming job, but eventually we had living fences of bayberry along the driveway, dividing the parking area and separating the front and back garden, that were truly an addition to the property. We used several in the foundation planting also, and these were more successful than the cedars, since they could be kept nicely in line with the hedge shears. They are lovely near the house, because of their pungent odor, sweet and aromatic. They are also handy when I need greens for a bouquet, summer or winter.

Like the dogwoods, they have proven a real boon to the small birds. Their berries are an excellent food source in the late winter when much of the other natural provender is scarce; but throughout the year the birds inhabit them, pecking away at the brushy greenery, or darting about after insects. Like the cedars, they also provide cover from wintry gales and deadly enemies.

We transplanted one larger bayberry and gave it a special supply of water throughout the spring and summer. We placed it in an open area and allowed it to grow into a tree. It grew rapidly and is now quite large and well formed. Its branches are heavy with gray-blue fruit, and the mockers and towhees and cardinals use it constantly. Because it is a tree, many people do not recognize it as bayberry. They are surprised when we explain. Yet there are many of these trees along the banks of the tidewater rivers. They have just never noticed them before.

Our adventure with planning a garden using plants natural to the land has given us a deeper appreciation of our particular area of the world, and certainly of the plant life that surrounds us. It has also given us a delightful garden in which to relax, requiring little beyond ordinary care, since the plants and trees are hardy to this region. It has led us down avenues of study we would not have pursued, and has provided us with animal and bird lore which we would never have suspected.

One spring morning, searching for a sassafras tree to move to our garden, we noticed a small hole beneath the bole of an oak. Gently moving the leaves, we peered in on a nest of tiny, squirming bunnies, no bigger than a man's finger. Neither the children nor I have ever forgotten the experience. On another morning, when frost was in the air, I sent our five-year-old to check on a persimmon tree we'd discovered. When he was a bit long in returning, I spied him where the ra-

(Continued on next page)

vine drops gently away into woods and marsh and water. He was tenderly stroking the sides of a young doe, as she nibbled the foliage. I froze in fear, for I'd heard that deer will injure with their sharp hooves, and that they will attack. However, neither the boy nor the deer seemed the least concerned in this direction. When she finished her meal, the doe bounded lightly away and the boy went back to his errand.

On countless occasions we have watched the rabbits standing on hind legs, stretching to reach a morsel too high for ordinary foraging, and been entertained by the squirrel acrobats, dropping from the tips of trees, snaring a limb in passing, and scampering back for an hilarious repeat. My husband, who keeps the bird feeders replenished, calls them "the vacuum cleaners," in irritation, when they rob the feeding stations, but he too applauds their antics and feels repaid.

One spring, a wild turkey took up her abode in the ravine and flourished the whole summer on cracked corn our second son kept feeding her. People say it is almost impossible to tame a wild turkey, but this one, a hen, certainly showed little fear of us. When fall came, she disappeared and we never saw her again. For awhile, the ravine seemed lonely without her.

In making our garden with the help of native plants, we have tried to follow the rules laid down years ago by Dr. Massey, in *Virginia Wildlife*. We have taken into consideration the environment in which we found a tree or plant and have tried to reconstruct it in domesticity. We have selected carefully and thoughtfully, using only what we needed, or, as in the case of wild flowers, what we could conserve.

We transplanted a redbud some years ago, placing it next to the clump of dogwoods and near some pine saplings. It has grown and flourished, and, esthetically, we felt we had placed it in the perfect spot. Then last spring, a guest said, "I understand redbuds are hard to grow successfully in a garden. They have to be in the right locale. I've heard they do well near pine trees."

I don't know whether this is so or not, but we went by Dr. Massey's rules. The redbud was growing in a semi-shaded area between a dogwood and a long needle pine, and we used these guidelines as we have with the other planting, with great success.

Of course, we have been very fortunate in that we have a small acreage of woods, ravine, and open field from which to draw, in landscaping our garden. However, many people have these same assets and overlook them, as we might have, under different circumstances.

But it is the ravine that has become the truly native garden. During our first spring in our new home, we noticed one hillside above the marsh, covered with a frosting of pink blossoms. When we investigated, we found wild azalea in abundance. We moved one bush to the edge of the lawn where we could enjoy it and keep tab on its blooming habits. Now, when it blossoms, we hurry off to enjoy those still on the hill.

Later in the spring those same hillsides come alive with several different varieties of fern, the jack-in-the-pulpits stand close in the black muck of the marsh, the mayapples pop up under the trees, and the wild iris open beside the sluggish stream. All through the winter, even under the snow, the wild ginger flourishes, its shiny white-traced leaves like a magical breath of April in the woods. The fragile forget-me-nots whiten another slope during the summer, and some of these, and the violets, we have moved in to thrive among the periwinkle around the pool, close to the porch. Like many woods flowers they are delicate, and transplanting has to be done with loving care. In some instances we have removed a wild flower from the ravine or woods, but in others we have brought specimens from other places and planted them there, encouraging our wild garden in its own habitat, as Dr. Massey suggested.

We have one lady's-slipper which the children successfully transplanted to the ravine. They left the others where they found them, because this is a plant that does not take well to change. Now bulldozers have moved in and cleared the area and all the enchanting moccasin flowers are gone forever. This was a spot thick with running cedar also. We didn't attempt to transplant a single piece, although we admired it often. Now too, like the lady's-slippers, it is lost.

Wild rose and atamasco lily both occupy a place in our cultivated garden, along with the black-eyed Susan, the field daisy, boneset and butterfly weed. All of these have been transplants from the wild, many of them snatched from road-side ditches or out of the paths of construction equipment. We try to bring enough of the original soil with the plant to sustain it through its period of transition, for "weeds," as many people designate them, are not as easy to move as one would suppose.

However, it is the marshy, wild ravine, where flowers grow in their natural habitat, that adds an element of whimsical delight to our daily lives. Fox grape vines cling to the limbs of poplar, willow, and oak, and bamboo canes sink roots into the damp, black soil. Woodpeckers of all species inhabit the trees, and old trunks that no proper gardener would countenance, are home to raccoon, and possum, while under the roots of a walnut, spread wide like the fingers of a giant hand, a family of skunks resides, undisturbed.

Occasionally a huge turtle, the size of a dinner plate, will amble along the bottoms, a black snake will sun its shining coils on a fallen log, or a heron will build a rough platform of sticks in the roof of a tree.

The ravine is our tiny contribution to conservation. Across the fields, about a quarter of a mile away, Jamestown preserves Virginia's precious antiquities, but we, in our small, happy way, help to preserve her wildlife.

In Nature's Garden

CARDINAL FLOWER

By ELIZABETH MURRAY
Charlottesville

Illustrated by Lucile Walton

IN the southwestern part of the state, near Mountain Lake, the Appalachian Trail crosses a little stream called John's Creek which eventually runs out into the James River. At that crossing, almost underneath the bridge, there is a small stand of cardinal flowers. I think they may have been the first ones I ever saw. While admiring them, I remember feeling that this must be one of the reddest sights that the woods could offer.

Lobelias are sometimes accorded family status, but they are more often included as a subfamily of the Campanulaceae or Bellflowers. The campanulas themselves have regular petals; in the lobelias the corolla is irregular. Lobelia flowers are bilaterally symmetrical with upper and lower lips. The upper lip is split into two thin, pointed lobes. The lower lip has three somewhat wider lobes. A characteristic and unusual feature of the lobelias is that the anthers (always) and the filaments (nearly always) are united into a tube. This tube is quite a bit longer than the petals and sticks out through the split in the upper lip. The tube has a tuft of little hairs or "beard" at the tip.

In *Lobelia cardinalis,* the cardinal flower, the petals are a brilliant, dark red. The beard at the end of the stamen-tube is glistening white. The corolla is nearly two inches long. The lower three lobes are lanceolate and sharp, the upper two are nearly as long, wider at the tips and spread out horizontally. The whole plant of the cardinal flower is stout and erect and may grow to four feet in height. The flowers are borne on long spikes. Leaves are alternate, rather thin and lance-shaped with toothed edges.

There is a milky juice in lobelia flowers which is more or less poisonous and has various medical applications. A preparation of *Lobelia siphilitica,* the Great Blue Cardinal Flower, was supposed to cure syphilis; hence, the specific name of the flower. Tincture of lobelia comes from *Lobelia inflata* or Indian tobacco. It is a volatile alkaloid which smells of nicotine and has an acrid, burning taste. It can be administered in cases of asthma and chronic bronchitis but must be used with circumspection since it can also be fatal. In the eighteeth century there was a self-appointed New England doctor called Samuel Thompson who prescribed it for everything. Probably some of his patients did get better, but since he had no formal medical training and was twice indicted for murder during his life, I think his medical judgment must have been rather limited.

The name lobelia comes from another doctor of an earlier period. Matthias de l'Obel was a seventeenth century Flemish herbalist who was, at some stage of his career, physician to James I of England. "Cardinalis," of course, refers to the color of the flower which is reminiscent of a cardinal's robe.

The cardinal flower likes wet soil and grows along streams, in swamps and in wet woods from Quebec to Minnesota, south to Florida and Texas and west to Colorado and Kansas. There are two other color forms known, one with pink and one with white flowers. The blooms are out from July to September. Cardinal flowers are said to be quite easy to transplant. They are not too fussy about conditions, although fairly rich, slightly acid soil is the best, and they must be in a damp situation.

Cardinal flowers are some of the favorite plants of hummingbirds. A hummingbird's eye is particularly sensitive to the red end of the color spectrum, and the birds are attracted mainly to flowers which are red or orange; for example, trumpet-vine, jewel weed and so on. This contrasts with bees where the eye is especially sensitive to the other end of the spectrum, including ultra-violet. Most of the flowers commonly visited by bees are blue or purple.

I think the hummingbird shows very sound judgment. It is easy to sympathize with his preference for such handsome, showy members of Virginia's high summer scene.

Know Your WARDENS

Text and Photos by F. N. SATTERLEE
Information Officer

W. R. REDFORD
Area Leader, George Washington District

W. R., for Randy, Redford was born in Richmond, Virginia, and grew up in Henrico County in the Lakeside area. Following graduation from high school he did a variety of jobs. However, his real desire, something that he had dreamed of as a child, was to become a Game Warden. Although there were no openings with the Virginia Game Commission at the time he applied he even offered his services free, just to work in the field. Finally, in 1956, his wish was fulfilled and he was hired as a warden and assigned to Henrico County.

In 1960 he was transferred to Hanover County and in 1966 was promoted to the position of Area Leader in the George Washington District, thus assuming the responsibility for the counties of Caroline, King William and Hanover.

Randy is one of the Hanover County Board of Supervisors' representatives on the Open Space, Conservation and Recreation Subcommittee of the Richmond Regional Planning District Commission. He is also active with the Hanover "Court House" Ruritan Club, the Masons, and is a Merit Badge Counseler for the Boy Scouts.

His wife is the former Bessie Creery of Richmond. The Redfords have four children and live about four miles from Hanover Court House.

SAM R. STANFORD
Area Leader, George Washington District

Texas born (Onalaska) Sam R. Stanford was raised in Polk County in what is known as the Big Thicket County. Following high school, and just prior to World War II, he did construction work in south Texas. Then he joined the U.S. Navy where he served for six years, mostly mineman aboard a destroyer-minelayer.

It was during his service in the Navy that he became acquainted with the state of Virginia, for he attended the Naval Mine Warfare School located at Yorktown. Sam was impressed with the area, and following the war he returned to Virginia and settled in Gloucester, where he engaged in oystering. In 1947 he noticed an ad seeking new wardens for the Commonwealth. He applied and was accepted for the job. His first assignment was to both Gloucester and Mathews Counties. He was responsible for both counties until his promotion to Area Leader in November of 1966. Currently he supervises the activities of the wardens in six counties of the George Washington District.

Sam is quick to tell you that his greatest satisfaction in being in this profession is the continuing knowledge that the wildlife and its habitat is being protected . . . not only for today but for future generations. He is married to the former Carmen Rigau from Gloucester, Virginia. The couple live in Gloucester and have three children.

Edited by HARRY GILLAM

Lake Anna Stocking Completed

Personnel of the Virginia Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries have completed stocking nearly a half million game fish in Lake Anna. This new 9,600 acre lake now forming on the North Anna River between Spotsylvania, Louisa and Orange Counties, was built to provide cooling water for the VEPCO thermonuclear power generating plant now under construction.

Under the Commission's management plan, 375,000 bluegill and 101,000 redear sunfish have been stocked to date. Additional bluegill and redear sunfish, as well as approximately 1,000,000 largemouth bass and 100,000 channel catfish, will be stocked as they become available. The fish being planted are small and will not reach catchable size this year, even though growth should be excellent in the new reservoir. Commission biologists are also studying the possibility of stocking the lake with striped bass.

The lake is being stocked as it is filling so that the game fish will have a growing advantage over the "rough" fish which occurred naturally in the river and farm ponds that were flooded as the waters of the new lake rose. These less desirable, non-game fish would undergo a population explosion if game fish were not introduced to compete for the newly provided waters.

Fisheries Science Program Expanding

VPI & SU is continuing to strengthen its teaching, research, and extension program in fisheries science. Dr. Robert T. Lackey has recently been joined by Drs. Robert F. Raleigh and Carl B. Schreck. A fourth fisheries professor will be coming later this year. The program is centered in Cheatham Hall, a new 1.6 million dollar building housing various programs in renewable natural resources. Eight laboratories are devoted to research on Virginia's fisheries problems.

The fisheries science program has grown steadily since its inception in 1965. About 40 undergraduate and 15 graduate students are currently enrolled in degree programs. An active, state-wide research program is underway on fisheries and related aquatic problems. These studies include research projects at Claytor Lake, Leesville Lake, Lake Brittle, New River, Roanoke River, Back Creek, and the James River. Catfish farming is also being studied on a state-wide basis.

No Confusion Here

Jim Fienman, son of Dr. Max Fienman of Lynchburg, holds a state record white bass caught by his father from Smith Mountain Lake and, in the lower picture, a striped bass that he himself caught off Cape Charles in the Chesapeake bay. Anglers often confuse the two species when they are about the same size.

Campground Directory

Woodall's 1972 guide to trailering parks and campgrounds with accurate locations, and facilities information and ratings should help get campers to their destinations faster and with fewer disappointments.

In addition, the 1972 edition includes types of recreational facilities available at the campgrounds, locations of LP Gas refilling stations, sanitary waste disposal facilities and other useful information for the travel-camper. It is available from recreational vehicle dealers, camping supply and sporting goods stores, bookshops or direct from the publisher for $5.95 plus 55¢ postage and handling. Woodall's/500 Hyacinth Place/Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

Family Success Story

These two 9-point deer were killed by C. E. Wilkerson and son C. T. on Thanksgiving Day 1971 in Prince Edward County near their home in Prospect, Virginia.

Nice Pittsylvania Gobbler

Otha Shelton got this wild turkey in Pittsylvania County just below Smith Mountain. It was his fourth in 10 years of hunting.

Edited by ANN PILCHER

Children's Forest Planted

In Virginia planting of about 30,000 trees by 1,000 young people, ranging from pre-school to college age, marked the 100th anniversary of Arbor Day in an extraordinary way. On April 28 the young people, including forestry students from Dabney S. Lancaster Community College and Virginia Polytechnic Institute, reforested a section of wilderness located within the George Washington National Forest—about 18 miles from Covington—which had been devastated by fire.

The area, designated as one of the first three National *Children's* Forests in the country, is the result of cooperative efforts by the U. S. Forest Service and Hunt-Wesson Foods, Inc., which began its "Bring a Forest Back to Life" program last year to help replenish the 520,000 acres of National Forest land destroyed by fires in 1970. Through a series of advertisements, the company promised to plant a tree in one of three national forests—George Washington in Virginia, San Bernardino in California, and Mark Twain in Missouri—for any child sending in a label from one of its products. During official ceremonies which began at 11 a.m. April 28 a symbolic tree was planted by the youngster who sent in the one millionth label for Hunt-Wesson's forest building program, and by Mr. Edward Gelsthorpe, company president. A time capsule planted in the forest contains the name of every child for whom a tree was planted. The Honorable J. Philip Campbell, Undersecretary of Agriculture, gave the main address.

The three National Children's Forests represent a unique venture in environmental affairs, combining the expertise of the federal government, the resources of private industry, and the voluntary participation of more than one million children. Special trails for handicapped children will be laid out in the forests later this year.

"Is that Paul Bunyon watching us plant our tree?"

Courtesy U. S. Forest Service

Dinwiddie County Bird

From 20 steps away, 11-year-old Donnie Thompson shot just once to down this 17 lb. 12 oz. trophy turkey on May 13, 1972, during spring gobbler season. The gobbler's beard measured 10-¼ inches.

Hooray for the Scouts

On a chilly Saturday in March this year, one week before trout season opened, a group of Boy Scouts from Sperryville's Troop 65 turned out to pick up trash along the roadways and stream banks of the North Fork Thornton and Piney Rivers, two of Rappahannock County's stocked trout streams. It was the fifth straight year that scouts in the county had collected trash prior to trouting's "opening day," and Troop 65 has participated each time.

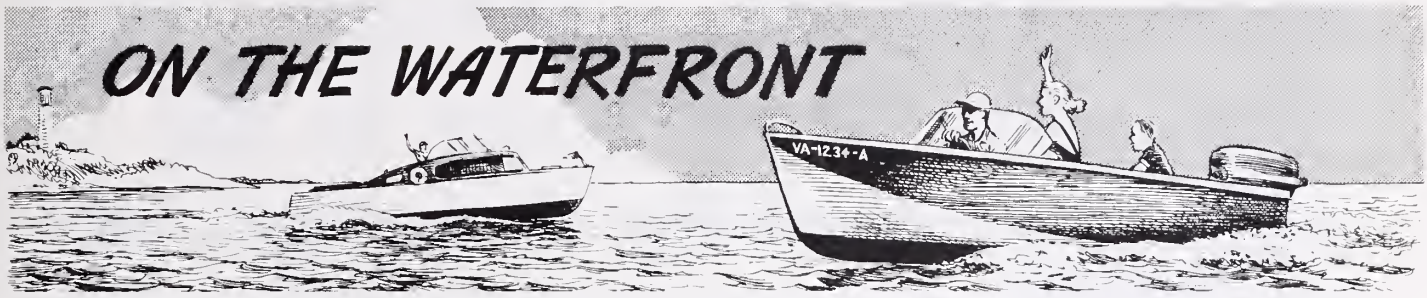
Courtesy *The Rappahannock News*, Washington, Va.

Sperryville Boy Scouts, Troop 65, pose behind the state highway truck used in their annual trash pickup along two of Rappahannock County's trout streams. Roy Atkins (far left) donates his time as driver. Also pictured with the scouts are State Game Warden Irvin L. Kenyon, Jr., and two fellow Rappahannock County Jaycee members—George Wharton and Roger Atkins.

Jaycees sponsor the annual pickup, which starts about 9:00 a.m. and usually lasts until mid-afternoon. A softball game follows, played in a nearby pasture (probably the first game of the season and sometimes played in a snowstorm). The day's activities are concluded with picnic supper provided by the Jaycees.

It's a bit discouraging at times. It seems that there is just as much trash, if not more, every year (two heaping dump truck loads this year). But people seemed to do better after opening day. Perhaps more of them are finally realizing these streams aren't clean just by accident, and are helping to keep them that way. The Jaycees have placed trash barrels along the streams for use during the height of the fishing season.

—Irvin L. Kenyon, Jr.
Game Warden, Rappahannock County



Edited by JIM KERRICK

The vessel on the right must maintain course and speed, and the other vessel shall keep clear and cross astern of the privileged vessel.

King of the Seas—The Skipper

As a five-year old, you learned early in life to "do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

In boating, it's probably one of the most important codes to go by when piloting your boat. Being a skipper is not only a lot of fun, it's a responsibility.

You can be a speed boat driver, an exploring navigator of back waters or a boasting fisherman with the biggest catches of trout and bass around.

But, while you are cruising up a winding western river or sailing that crystal-clear mountain lake you finally found, you are ruler of a mobile empire. You are "king of the water" so you better know what you have to do to earn that title.

A good place to begin is at the beginning. Your boat is getting a tank full of gas while docked and you're storing goods aboard. Since dock space is at a premium these days, especially when everyone and his uncle seems to have taken off from work to go sunning five miles offshore, don't be a dock hog.

Upon leaving the crowded harbor, resist the equatic equivalent to "peel out" in front of everybody. Just as it is annoying when a souped up 409 roars through a neighborhood, boatmen don't like a "port pest."

Some marinas and boat yards have speed limits posted. But some don't. This is not a license to open up. High speed runs should be made in open waters, distantly clear of other boats.

One reason, you told your buddies at the office, for buying that 22-foot outboard was because you like its maneuverability. Well, sailboats aren't as agile as your speedboat, so cut your speed and stay clear when passing one.

Fun boating is safe boating. Little children really are treated to something special when taken for a ride. A life-jacket for them and everyone else onboard will guarantee them of another trip tomorrow. It's also required by law.

A boat party of sandwiches, salads and beverages is a great way to spend a day. The trouble is you probably have more friends than your boat has room. If your capacity is 12 persons, don't invite John and Marie only because they will be hurt if you don't. Fourteen from 12 is minus two which means two too many. Don't ever overload.

Boatmen are like fraternity brothers. It's the overwhelming, individual pride of owning a boat which has boosted this camaraderie among skippers. They take care of each other when something goes wrong. In some cases you may be an emergency medic. A first aid kit onboard is always a good idea.

Common sense goes a long way in boating. For instance, you never drop anchor at night near another boat. Changes in current, wind and tide may position your boat differently in the morning. You don't want to wake up to a scraped starboard or a smashed stern, do you? Estimate your line so it is seven times the depth of the water to insure a strong mooring.

There is only one thing worse than littering our highways and that is soaking our waters with garbage. Just a few plastic bags and waiting for the next port, will stop you from being a litter bug.

Rules of the road are simple to remember. When passing another moving boat, the boat on starboard, or the right, enjoys the right of way. If you don't want to upset someone's coffeepot on the galley stove, throttle down when passing an anchored craft. If you are approaching a boat head on, turn to starboard. Don't worry! He'll do the same. Finally, an overtaking boat from astern is obliged to stay clear of you.

Boats are easy to see in the water. Swimmers and divers are not. It's always a good idea to keep an eagle-eye for any diving flags and swimming areas.

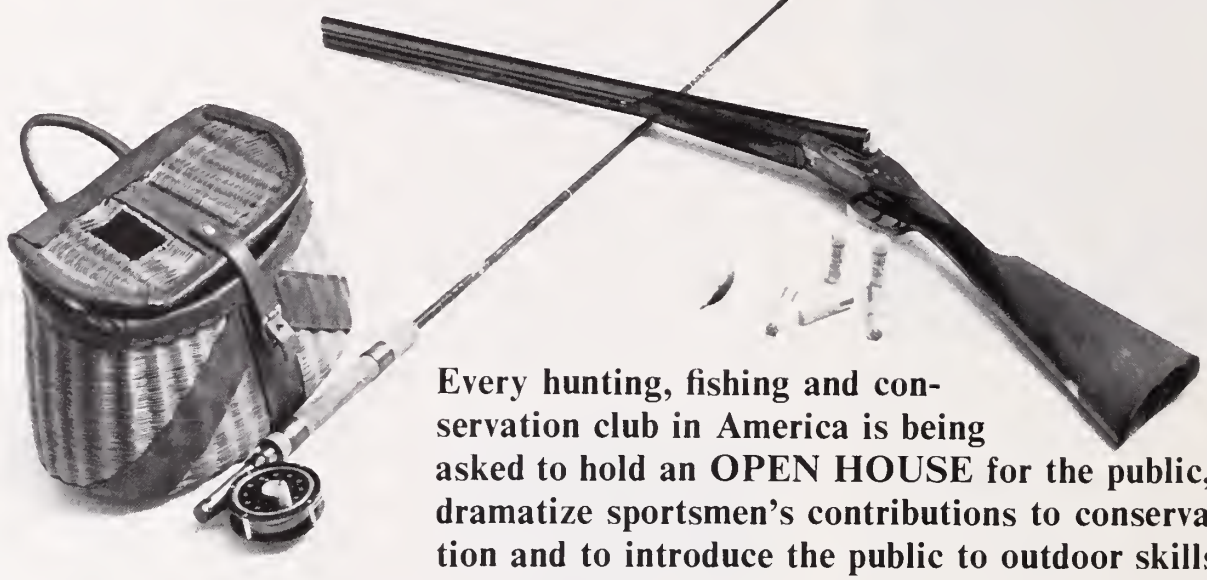
Another grade school motto you were taught was the "three R's." No, in boating it's not reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic. But, red, right, returning. Upon entering a harbor or channel, red buoys are to the right, black to the left. Black and white horizontally striped ones mark the channel's middle, and black and red ones, obstructions.

Safe boating insures fun boating. As the captain of the ship, it's your responsibility to see to it that it happens. By obeying the few rules of the road, you'll log many hours of pleasurable boating.

A U. S. Coast Guard approved lifesaving device is required for each person on board.

Photos courtesy Evinrude Motors

National Hunting and Fishing Day, September 23, 1972, may be the most important day in the lives of 55 million hunters and fishermen.



Every hunting, fishing and conservation club in America is being asked to hold an OPEN HOUSE for the public, to dramatize sportsmen's contributions to conservation and to introduce the public to outdoor skills.

National Hunting and Fishing Day officially recognizes the role of America's sportsmen in conservation and outdoor recreation. Resolutions now in Congress not only establish NHF Day, but ask hunters and anglers to lead the public in a rededication to the conservation and respectful use of our wildlife and natural resources. Your sportsmen's club should take the leadership in your community by holding an OPEN HOUSE which shows your friends and neighbors what sportsmen are doing for conservation . . . and have done for the past 70 years.

Open House can win new friends for conservation and introduce youngsters to shooting and fishing. No one can do more for hunting and fishing than you, working in your own community on a friendly person-to-person level with your neighbors and business associates. By helping your sportsmen's club organize an OPEN HOUSE, you could show exhibits and movies about the sportsman's outstanding contributions to conservation to many new people. You and your club can set up skill centers for young people and their parents to participate in shooting, archery, casting and camping . . . really show them what goes on at a sportsman's club and how much fun it is. It's an ideal time to teach them that the American sportsman is the best friend fish and wildlife ever had. An OPEN HOUSE might also be used to raise funds for a conservation project with a turkey shoot or casting game. Civic leaders will be glad to provide valuable support, and you might well get a newspaper or broadcasting station to co-sponsor OPEN HOUSE. National Hunting and Fishing Day, along with state proclamations by all 50 governors, will help get publicity for your role as a sportsman in conservation. Imagine what will be done when clubs like yours hold successful OPEN HOUSES all over the country on National Hunting and Fishing Day!

You'll be supported by these important organizations:

- National Wildlife Federation
- Sport Fishing Institute
- Wildlife Management Institute
- Outdoor Writers Association of America
- The Wildlife Society
- American Fisheries Society
- National Conservation Committee of Boy Scouts of America
- National Rifle Association
- American Fishing Tackle Manufacturers Association
- National Shooting Sports Foundation
- International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners
- Izaak Walton League of America
- National Sporting Goods Association
- Keep America Beautiful, Inc.

Send for a complete Open House Action Manual, with everything planned for you in advance. Contents include complete, step-by-step plans for:

- What activities to present.
- How to get publicity.
- How to organize OPEN HOUSE.
- Where to obtain displays and literature.
- How to get VIP's.
- . . . and more.

Conservation needs more friends. Tell some of yours all about it on National Hunting and Fishing Day. Use the coupon below to obtain your copy of the OPEN HOUSE Action Manual.

Enclosed is $1.00. Please send your Open House Action Manual that tells me how my club can tie in with National Hunting and Fishing Day, September 23, 1972.

Name_____

Club Name_____

Address_____

City_____ **State**_____ **Zip**_____

TO: NATIONAL SHOOTING SPORTS FOUNDATION, INC.
1075 POST ROAD, RIVERSIDE, CONNECTICUT 06878

NATIONAL SHOOTING SPORTS FOUNDATION INC

Bird of the Month:

Wood Ibis

By J. W. TAYLOR
Edgewater, Maryland

THERE are 17 species of storks in the world; of these only one is native to North America, the wood ibis. It is not a true ibis, nor is it a crane, despite its superficial resemblance to both these families. It is actually a close relative of the white stork that nests on chimneys in European towns and villages. The bird is known locally as flinthead, iron-head and gourd-head, names descriptive of the heavy bill and tough bare skin of the head and neck.

Despite the vulgarity of these nicknames, the wood ibis is a lordly, majestic bird. It stands 3½ feet tall, and has a wingspread of 5½ feet. Its white body contrasts with the black iridescence of the outer wings and tail, which reflect greenish and purple highlights. During the breeding season, the undertail coverts become plume-like, and a pinkish cast appears under the wings. The female is somewhat smaller; otherwise, the sexes are alike in appearance. Its flight, once the bird is aloft, is graceful and effortless, and, in true stork fashion, they delight in soaring on air currents, in great wide circles, often at considerable height.

At one time the wood ibis ranged throughout most of the southeastern United States, west to Texas and south to Central and South America. Now, its only known breeding sites in the U.S. are in Florida, although it still wanders occasionally north as far as New England. Usually there is some northward movement after each breeding season, but the real long-distance flights coincide with periodic droughts in southern and central Florida.

Only very rarely do they come as far as Virginia. Officially, they have been recorded in 1893, 1896, 1949, and 1953. Most notable is the occurrence of about 50 near Hampton on May 3, 1949, some birds remaining for a week. In 1953, one stayed at Stumpy Lake, Norfolk, from July 26 to August 9. There were a number of sightings in Maryland and points northward in 1955 and 56, but none were seen in Virginia, though they almost certainly passed through en route.

The fate of the wood ibis in the United States is closely tied to conservation efforts in Florida. There are a few protected colonies in Everglades National Park, and one at the National Audubon's Corkscrew Sanctuary, but such a wide-ranging species needs the cooperative efforts of private landowners if it is to survive.

NATIONAL
HUNTING &
FISHING DAY
September 23, 1972